

DID IT PAY?

Sharply the sickle rings out through the air,
Cutting the billowy grass so fair;
Bright shines the sun on the broad hay lands,
Where weary toilers are harvesting;
All day long, with unceasing toil,
They have driven the sickle and swung the steel;
Often, and often they glance at the sun,
And see it often with their day's work done,
For the heavens all seem like bright, molten brass,
And the ground seems to sear their feet as they pass.

But to old Farmer John, who leaned 'gainst the fence,
It all seemed a matter of dollars and cents;
He watched while the mowers fell the rich hay,
And watched till he saw it all baled away,
And while he stood watching, he reckoned the yield
Of hay from the meadow and west from the field.
Of hay he reckoned, when all was done,
There would be at least fifty tons;
Each ton, to count at the lowest rate,
Would bring twelve dollars, sold early or late,
And then he counted each bushel of wheat,
Cleaned from the thrashing of refuse and chaff;
Based on the oats, and ran the whole score,
And found he had hundreds of bushels more;
And then, in fancy, he paid off his hands,
Gathered his corn, and cleared up his lands,
Balanced things well for the year to come,
And found himself richer by quite a round sum.

Then said, as he lighted his pipe of clay,
"I know that common sense farming would pay;
My land yields as well as any around;
Better stock this mule can nowhere be found;
My farm is in order, each pasture and lot,
My fences are 'right,' when I am about;
I have reapers enough, and harrows, and now,
Just one thing I need—'tis a new 'gang plow.'"
It will save, in the end, the wage of a man,
And I'll make by saving whenever I can.

The farmer forgot, when he laid his plans,
The good wife at home, who had stayed his hands,
Who had toiled for him when no one else would,
And in every way had done what she could;
Who had starved, and pinched, and slaved herself,
To help him gather in his board of self;
Who had worked, when with fever her hands were hot,
To help him purchase one more "pasture lot."

He forgot to call in his thankless greed,
If there was not something his wife might need;
He forgot to ask if she had a care,
Or a wish as to how should he spend her share,
He forgot how often, in vain,
That old farm-house might be painted again;
He forgot how she'd toiled from year to year,
With the household arrangements all crooked and queer,
When a few days of labor, or dollars' outlay,
Would have fixed a thing convenient—just the right way.

And while, in fancy, he drove his new plow,
A certain possession with him now,
Thinking how much it would speed his work,
This new "gang plow," with its new-fangled quirk,
It never entered his head to buy,
A sewing machine for his wife, O' my!
"His mother had sewed with her hands, and she
Was as good a woman as could be;
He wasn't the man who 'gim-cracked' would buy,
When money was out with tail and head;
When went on; all the day was sold,
The wheat and corn brought plenty of gold,
The plow was better with money in bank,
The farmer was 'rich with no one to thank.'"

With no one to thank! though his wife was bowed
With striving to carry her end of the load,
Bowed and writhed, with her hands and care,
With many and many a silvery hair;
Beauty and youth had slipped away;
In the evening dance of every day,
Till Youth, Amation, and health were gone,
What to her were broad acres of waving grain,
When she might see some one dancing again?
What to her were the grain piled high?
What the finest stock that money could buy?
Long years ago, she had wasted the gold,
To give her children the wealth untold,
Of education, position and place,
But these were denied to her very face,
Now, when her boys and girls were gone,
And weary and old she was left alone,
She only sighed, at the very best,
To be left a little space for rest;
And when, worn out by toil and strife,
The good wife ended her weary life,
The farmer saw at what fearful cost
He valued the life that now was lost,
But unsavable were tears and remorse,
Ah! he would have given his very best horse
To see his wife in the house as of yore,
But love and the thought of her no more,
And this was the end! Ah! let it be told,
There are some things better than land or gold,
There are things more worth giving life to gain
Than "the choice of the finest grain."
So Farmer John thinks, as lonely and gray,
He wonders if "common-sense farming" does pay.
—*Prairie Farmer.*

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

"Why don't I marry?" Not because
I have any dislike to womanhood; far
from it."

"How about the 'little Rose'?" several
voices cried in chorus, but our host
instantly replied, "Hush!" It was a
sore point with him.

I have mentioned our host, and now
let me introduce him. He was a man of
powerful build, fair, with a profusion
of whiskers; with beard and mustache,
but soft, light eyes, which had nothing
in them of his character, reckless and
jovial. His words, given above, sprang
from some banter of ours (there were
half a dozen of us who had sat after the
late dinner in the largest room of the
smallest but "snuggest" shooting-box
the whole county of Yorkshire contained)
upon his apparent dislike of the gentle
sex. Perhaps we felt curious to know
why or how it was that a man with an
unnumbered estate, a congenial temper,
and a good country gentleman, albeit
on the verge of forty, should not
long ago have been—what shall I say?
in love? no, that is not always the case,
but—married.

Few of us, it may be, thought
at the time that we called out
"How about little Rose?" that there
was a sore point there. It was only an
imperfect knowledge of the story of a
young lady with whom our friend's
name had been mixed up; but such of
us as were best acquainted with it re-
membered of hearing of a little girl-
ness in a private family where he vis-
ited (where it was thought the daughter
of the house, a coarse, shrewy girl, was
the attraction) being found hearing a
declaration of love from our friend.
The story went, too, that the governess,
upon whom they had some claim of re-
lationship, was sent from the house
upon a planned tale of her lover's false-
hood, and kept abroad till she shortly
died in that belief; that the memory of
the girl so remained with him that he
quickly left London, and was lost to the
maneuvering mammas who sought his
unnumbered estate rather than him-
self for their daughters "on show."

"You want to know," he said, not an-
swering the question put to him—"you
want to know why I didn't get married
at the 'usual' time? Well, I don't mind
telling you. Fill your glasses, then;
and, Con, don't you play the 'nurse'
with the bottle."

According to our host's invitation, we
filled our glasses, and, drawing up, sat
pulling at our cigars in silence, await-
ing his story. He sat looking at the
fire for a few moments, and then broke
out—

"It's not much I have to tell, but as
some of you have not yet passed your
fifteen days, it may teach you a lesson.
I was only twenty-two when it hap-
pened. I believe that is about the
'usual' time when matrimony is perpe-
trated. Then my father was alive, and
I only plain 'Mr.' I had never lived
much down here, but had passed a good
deal of my time in London, and I had
some old friends of my college days, and
old boaters on the Cam, with whom the
days passed more pleasantly than profit-
ably, I'm afraid. At any rate, I will
own that, after a longer and more varied
season than mine, I felt that my constitu-
tion would be better for a change. So
I determined to get away and take the
Cumberland lakes for a time. My most
intimate friend at that time, Jack—,
well, never mind his other name, as

some of you may know him, though
now he's settled down to what he calls a
'quiet life.' That means a small house,
his 'suburban retreat,' and a large fam-
ily of babies crying about the place
from morning till night. Jack, I say,
had given me a light commission to ex-
ecute for him in the neighborhood, and
it was to serve as an introduction for
me to some lady of his acquaintance,
who, he said, possessed two charming
daughters. A man has a liking for fe-
male society at that time of life, and the
ladies being so promisingly described, I
determined on my arrival in Cumber-
land to take advantage of my commis-
sion. I did so, and I found the ladies—
one dark and the other fair—the young
ladies I speak of now. My good friend
Jack had informed me that they were of
very opposite temperaments. Elsie—
very fair—was gay and fond of bold
and 'merry' natures, he said; Dell—
short for Delilah—was dark, and
retiring almost to bashfulness and
timidity. He had joked me by saying
that he expected to see me come back
tied to one of their apron-strings; and
that, if I were anything of a reasonable
being, these were two girls who ought
to satisfy any expectation. Of course
my commission procured me an invita-
tion to the house, and my stay in Cumber-
land began most favorably. Alas for
promises! I had determined to act
upon Jack's suggestion, and render my-
self agreeable to the young ladies ac-
cording to their respective inclinations.
When, therefore, I met them, I con-
versed with the fair one in a light, liv-
ely, and, as I believed, happy manner. I
even forced myself into a merry mood,
made jokes, and laughed at them my-
self, but, strange to say, she answered
scarcely a word to all my observations.
I sought all opportunities before a week
was out of catching her unexpectedly.
In the recess of the windows of the
dining-room I hemmed her in, and
made laughing love. I praised the color
of her hair and eyes, and vowed I'd steal
a ringlet of her hair, if only to kiss it.
If she ran away, I thought it was coy-
ness, and followed her. Mind you, I
was only acting upon my friend's sug-
gestion, and was not rude beyond what
youth will excuse. With the sister,
Dell—dark, dark-eyed Dell—I played a
wholly diverse character. Books—
Scott, Byron and Shakespeare; music—
the oratorios, Schubert, and the works
of the "severe" school of composition,
formed the ground-work of my dis-
courses, and I never attempted to catch
her alone. Being by chance one day
wandering about, I met the fair Elsie
coming across a hill toward me. Two
were company, I thought, and here was
a happy occasion for rehearsing my part.
Laughingly I talked to her—I cannot
say with her—joked and told stories. I
spoke of my travels, my college life, my
London experiences—such as a lady
might hear—and enlarged upon them
almost to the verge of romance—to in-
terest and amuse her. Not a word above
a monosyllable could I extract in reply.
Shall I admit that I had begun to feel
that slow work was, when luckily the
sister, also a lonely pilgrim upon the
hills, appeared before us? Although it
placed me between two fires, I felt it
almost as a relief. I could play the two
parts at once, I thought, and so we
proceeded on—a trio. The knowledge
that I was the protector of a young lady
who had been described to me as of re-
tiring and almost timid disposition,
made me doubly anxious to prove my
powers of entertaining. I continued to
rattle on in slight asides to Elsie, and
then at length, after we had gone some
way in silence, I turned to Delilah with
some remark about the weather. Don't
laugh, it's a very genuine remark. She
turned away, and I thought she laughed,
but perhaps it was only thought, for
when she replied it was a quiet acquies-
cence in my observation. Then again there
was a silence, and an aside with the
fair Elsie, who blushed and turned
away. A few minutes afterward I
ventured to inquire of Delilah, with all
the modesty I could, if she were fond of
poetry. Did she like Shelley? She
stared at me so hard that, for a moment,
I thought she believed I was question-
ing her as to her knowledge. I was
about to relieve her from what I thought
an embarrassment, when she said:

"No; he's so jolly dry!"
"You know the old saying, 'You
might knock me down with a feather?'
It was true in my case. The manner
was so rough and boisterous that I was
quite taken by surprise. I ventured,
however, another remark, and said,
mildly, that I thought Cumberland very
charming, and that I should not mind
living there forever. And then, turning
to Elsie, whispered softly, 'With you.'"

"Delilah answered quickly:
"It may be charming, but it's aw-
fully slow, and you'd soon get the old
notion out of your head."
"And then she ran on telling me of
the opera she was 'dying' to hear, the
fetes at the Horticultural Gardens she
'pined' to go to, and the thousand and
one of the 'jolly old London lions'—so
she expressed it—she had heard of by
name and knew nothing of by acquaint-
ance. Elsie said never a word, and the
retiring, timid Dell rattled on as if she
possessed a fund of information of Lon-
don life, and only longed to be in it.
My mind was in a whirl of confusion.
I remembered my friend's description,
"fair and good-humored, with high
spirits; dark, modest and full of quiet
grace." I had made no mistake.

"That talk did not finish as it had
begun at our meeting. In almost total
silence we approached the house. Dell-
lah had long since stopped the flow of
her talk—I cannot say 'our conversa-
tion,' for in truth she had quite run me
off—and I could but think. The sisters
exchanged looks, and Elsie shrunk away
from me, as though I were mad and
would bite, when I addressed her. The
other only curled her lip in scorn, or
turned away her head if I only looked
toward her; and at last I was so an-
noyed with them—not with myself—that
I could scarcely tell what I did say.
I knew I was right, however, and was
glad when we reached their home.
"Would I not stay?" said mamma—the
girls had fled away the moment we ar-
rived, and as soon as they had crossed
the hall I could have sworn I heard a
laugh. "No," I thanked the good lady,
and said that I had a particular engage-
ment a few miles away, which would de-
tain me two days. After that, I hoped
to be permitted to call on her and her
charming daughters again. With this

lame excuse, I left for two days. Is it
necessary to tell you how I employed
them? I was wild, excited, mad, be-
cause in youth one feels these little
crosses somewhat more keenly than we
do in later life, when we know that 'man
is not perfect, nor woman neither.' I
had determined, then, to write to Jack,
my 'good friend,' and tell him of the
extraordinary conduct—as I thought—
of his 'modest and retiring' maiden,
and request any explanation it might be
in his power to afford. I caught that
night's post, and throughout the next
day remained indoors, fearing, if I
stirred out, to meet the family I had
made my friends, and so give the lie to
my assertion that I had gone away for
two days. These two days shall I ever
forget them, the fever of excitement I
was in, and the monotony of the self-
constituted imprisonment. The post on
the second morning brought me a let-
ter from Jack. I tore it open, and
dashed at once into the pith of his
epistle. How I cursed his circumlocu-
tion! Instead of at once replying to
the question I had put to him, he com-
menced with a roundabout story of his
acquaintance with the ladies of the
'Lodge.' I skipped the pages one, two,
and three, and determined to know the
worst. I went at once to the last break
of his letter. This was it:

"After all, you see, I had a jolly
time of it, and, between the two, won-
der that I came away faithful to the lit-
tle woman soon to be my wife. If I did
make a little error in my description of
them, set it down to the dangerous fas-
cination they exercised over me. It is
Elsie who is fair and retiring; Dell who
is dark and daring; that's the word."
He would have written before, he said,
had he thought of any consequence,
but he apologized for what he considered
after all only a 'little mistake.'

"Need I tell you how, when I called
at the 'Lodge' again, I was met with
the reply to my inquiry, 'not at home,'
though I thought the servant was a
long time gone to give my name, and I
felt almost certain, as I left the house,
that I saw a dark-haired, girlish, laugh-
ing face peeping from behind the drawn
curtains? Need I tell you how, in en-
gry, hatred, malice, and all uncharita-
bleness of spirit, I rushed up to town
only to find the story known to all my
set, and going the round of the 'social
and literary' club I had joined shortly
before? Unnecessary, too, to tell you
how I experienced to the full extent the
capacity of the club for 'sociability,' in
an immense amount of 'chaff' upon the
matter from the members; and how
thereafter, till I left the place, I
was known as the 'bashful man.'
Suffice it that I had at first a decided
inclination to sacrifice my 'dear friend'
Jack upon the altar of my wounded
pride, by horsewhipping him for put-
ting the story about. But at length I
rushed away from London (our host did
not say how long after, and he skipped
the story of little Rose, which was the
real cause of his leaving, with some-
thing like a break in his voice), and
joined the Governor—poor old man—
down here, and went in for life as a
'country squire,' with an interest in
turnip-crops, pigs, and sheep, and the
education of the crew-boy. So you see
why I didn't marry at the 'usual'
time for such chances—some I know
would call them the 'mischances' of
life; and I'm not likely to play the fool
now."

"And now," he concluded, rising,
"there's the billiard-room open for
those who like to knock the balls about;
there are candles for those who like
their bed—I'm one of them. Six in the
morning—early tub—and I'll promise
you a good find and a couple of fox-tail
before dinner, my boys."—*Newsboys'
Magazine.*

A Useful Shoe.

We lately saw in a shoe shop a shoe
that would seem to be very useful for
farmers. The upper part was of leather,
the sole of wood. The upper portion
was in two pieces only, and all the sew-
ing required is to stitch these together
and to fasten in the counter. This is
done by a machine. The entire sole,
including the heel is of one piece of white-
wood. This is well shaped to fit the in-
ner curve of the foot, and requires no
inside sole. The wooden sole is about
an inch in thickness, and the heel pro-
portionally thicker. On the upper edge
a small portion is cut away about the
thickness of the upper leather, and to
this the upper portion is attached by
brass or copper tacks, which first pass
through a leather band. The shoe
weighs hardly more than a common
leather shoe having a double leather
sole. If each were exposed to moisture,
as by wearing them in the mud, the
wooden sole would be the lightest.
These shoes are designed especially for
men engaged in distilleries, breweries,
or who work mixing mortar, or in damp
places; but it is obvious that they would
be excellent for farmers. As a
shoe to wear in the barn, stable barn-
yard, or for general use in sloppy
weather, it has many advantages. The
Dutch, as well as the people of several
other countries in Europe, generally wear
shoes made entirely of wood, and they
are in great favor, notwithstanding their
being large and unsightly. The com-
bined wood and leather shoe has all the
advantage of the wooden shoe and is
open to none of the objections. These
shoes could be made of split leather for
about eighty cents per pair, and ought
to retail for a dollar. The sample we
saw was not marked "patented." If a
patent is not secured on this, this pat-
ent is not extended by Congressional ac-
tion, and a stock company does not
secure a monopoly in making and sell-
ing them, we think farmers may keep
their feet dry at small expense and make
a great saving in the matter of shoe
leather.—*Prairie Farmer.*

INGROWING NAILS.—One of the most
painful surgical operations is removing
nails which have grown into the flesh.
There is no necessity whatsoever for this
pain. The new method is to keep
the patient ten or fifteen days on a bed
or on a sofa with a bread or meal poultice
applied to the toe. This poultice is
changed several times daily, and the toe
is bathed twice a day in water as
warm as may be borne. In ten or
fifteen days the nail becomes so soft it
may be cut with scissors and removed
by hand without the least pain. Could
not the nail be made soft enough by
keeping in hot water, often changed, for
ten or twelve hours?

Miscellaneous.

SENATOR SUMNER is taking absolute
rest.

From five to seven refrigerator cars,
loaded with butter, are shipped East
every day from Chicago.

PROF. AGASSIZ desires to throw open
to women all the educational institutions
and facilities under his control.

THERE are 20,000,000 acres of wild
land along the Mississippi river, of great
richness of soil.

INDIANA has the largest school fund
of any State in the Union, amounting
to over \$8,000,000.

Mrs. SCHURZ has had the good for-
tune to inherit \$170,000 from her uncle,
recently deceased at Hamburg.

THE ancient gates of Constantinople,
which resisted decay for 1,100 years,
were said to be made of cypress.

It has been twice judicially decided
that a railroad passenger need not give
up his ticket until furnished a seat.

UNDER the revised code of Iowa the
guilty party, in cases where divorces
are granted, shall lose all rights acquired
by the marriage.

THE Union Pacific Railroad Company
report that they sold during the
month of July last 20,500 acres of land,
at an average price of \$6.73 per acre,
amounting to \$138,677.23. The sales
averaged 108 acres to each purchaser.

DERE & Co., the well-known plow
manufacturers of Moline, Ill., have
been awarded the first premium at the
great Vienna Exposition. This award
reflects credit upon the manufacturing
skill and enterprise of the Great West.

A NEW dress which a Brattleboro
woman invented worked so well that,
while walking along one of the public
streets, the entire garment fell to the
sidewalk, leaving her costumed like a
Georgia major.

THE total amount of tea consumed
yearly in the United States is about
50,000,000 pounds, of which 20,000,000
is green tea of various descriptions,
about \$15,000,000 Oolong, and the re-
mainder Japanese and other varieties.

Books in China are not dear, and all
the standard histories and school-books
are very cheap. The whole of the Con-
fucian classics sell at from 30 cents to
\$1.50, according to the quality of the
paper. The Chinese never lay duty on
books.

ONE of the notorious divorce lawyers
of New York, in his advertisement in
the city papers, says: "Hymeneal in-
compatibilities as a specialty delicately
adjusted. 'Tis slavery to retain the
hand after the eradic entral has de-
parted."

SINCE Miss Maggie Elphich, the Con-
necticut oysterman's daughter, pulled
young Sims out of the bay at Green-
wich, she has received a dozen offers
of marriage, and the Connecticut girls are
now asking, "Mother, may I go out to
swim?"

THERE are seven newspapers pub-
lished in the United States which are
over 100 years old. They are the Ports-
mouth (N. H.) Gazette, Newport (R. I.)
Mercury, New London (Conn.) Gazette,
Hartford (Conn.) Courant, New Haven
(Conn.) Journal, Salem (Mass.) Gazette,
Worcester (Mass.) Spy.

THE five leading branches of manu-
facture in the United States are iron,
lumber, cotton, machinery, and woolen,
ranging in importance in the order
named. The iron trade employs 137,
545 operatives and a capital of \$198,
356,116; the lumber trade 163,397
operatives and a capital of \$161,500,273.

Mrs. KATE FERGUSON, the wife of a
Cleveland printer, was frightened to
death recently. She was walking on
the street, followed by a small dog,
when a dog-killer, seeing a chance to
make a fee in his vocation, aimed the
gun at the dog, which so frightened
Mrs. F. that she ran screaming home,
was seized with convulsions, and died
in a short time.

MISS ANNE E. DICKINSON rode to the
top of Pike's Peak, Wednesday morn-
ing, accompanied by Mr. E. S. Nettle-
ton, Chief Engineer of the Rio Grande
Railway Land Department, her brother,
the Rev. John Dickinson, and Ralph
Meeker. She is the first person who
ever made the ascent on horseback, and
hitherto the feat was considered impos-
sible. On the following day she lec-
tured at Colorado Springs on "Joan of
Arc."—*Denver News.*

SPEAKING of the cholera, a leading
English authority says that there is no
sign of any rapid spread of it in Eu-
rope, and that there seems to be little
doubt that physical, like moral, epidemics,
wear themselves out to some ex-
tent; or rather, that the human frame
accommodates itself to the conditions
which cause them, that they do not pro-
duce the virulent effects after long pre-
valence that they produced at first.

AMONG the recent and ingenious de-
vices for utilizing the electric spark, is
that which substitutes it for the ordi-
nary flint or percussion-cap on fire-arms.
By the aid of a small galvanic battery
within the handle of the pistol or gun,
or by the convenient arrangement of a
Leyden jar and rubber, the current is
generated, and conducted by a wire to
the cartridge. The contact of the wire
with the cartridge may be effected by a
simple press pin or lever.

THE following story is told of a cer-
tain young Viscount, who had exhaust-
ed the patience of a generous father, and
had failed to soften him sufficiently for
the payment of the last batch of bills.
The young Viscount was at the fete to
the Shah at the opera house, viewing
existence, and the gala in particular,
with a jaundiced eye, when a brilliant
idea occurred to him. He flew out and
drove home. "My father," he cried,
"embrace me! Your son has just been
named by the Shah a chevalier of the
lion and the sun." "Impossible!"
said the father, flushing with paternal
pride. "Indeed, yes," said the son,
"here is my patent," displaying to the
curious eyes of his parent the pro-
gramme of the opera, which had been
printed in Persian. "Bless you, my
son," exclaimed the Count; "I will pay
your debts, and I offer you this trifle of
pocket money," handing him notes to
the amount of ten thousand francs. The
proud parent has not yet been enlight-
ened.

The Tichborne Case.

The proceedings in the Tichborne case
on Aug. 11 seem to have been particu-
larly lively. The *Daily Telegraph* re-
ports says: "A necessarily dry sum-
mary can give no notion of the torrent
of invective which Dr. Kenely poured
forth. Utterly regardless of the pres-
ence of the Bench, he addressed himself
to the jury and at Mr. Bowker, who sat
unmoved below him; he made no at-
tempt to conceal his meaning; he openly
admitted that conspiracy and perjury
were the 'logical effect' of his charges;
and once again, referring to Lord Bel-
lew's private life, he begged the jury to
declare that the man who had basely
seduced his friend's wife was unwor-
thy to be believed upon his oath. A storm
was evidently impending. In a few
minutes it burst. A reference to Chatil-
lon—who seems to have been Roger
Tichborne's *paidagogos* rather than
strictly his tutor—as 'a valet,' drew
from the Lord Chief Justice the indig-
nant remonstrance, 'That is a most
improper remark.' 'I say it is a
not, sir.' 'With all submission to your
Lordship, I say it is. I do not wish for
a discussion with your Lordship.' 'Nor
will I have a discussion with you, sir,'
was the retort; 'I have had enough of
them.' 'It was a proper remark,' per-
sisted Dr. Kenely; 'it was my duty to
make it.' 'It is your duty,' severely
interposed Mr. Justice Mellor, 'to fol-
low those rules which guide a gentleman
in the performance of his duty.' 'I
know a gentleman's conduct as well as
you, my Lord,' cried Dr. Kenely, swing-
ing round toward Mr. Justice Mellor;
'I beg you will not repeat that ob-
servation.' 'I repeat it,' said Mr.
Justice Mellor. 'You shall not repeat it
to me, my Lord,' called out Dr. Kenely.
'I will not allow you, sir,' interrupted
the Lord Chief Justice, 'to address a
member of the Bench at that tone.' 'If
a member of the Bench,' cried Dr.
Kenely, 'forgets his duty, he must be
properly rebuked.' To the surprise of
all in court, the Lord Chief Justice, in-
stead of ordering Dr. Kenely's com-
mittal, repeated, 'You shall not speak
to the Bench in that way, sir; and, as
if he were actually trying to drive his
Lordship to commit him, Dr. Kenely
again retorted that his remarks were
'called for.' 'I say you shall not ad-
dress them to me, sir,' was the reply.
'I address them to you, gentlemen of
the jury,' said the learned counsel,
turning round toward the 'sheep pen';
and so ended this extraordinary alterca-
tion."

THE CLAIMANT'S BUTCHER-SHOP.

The following advertisement appears
in the Australian papers: "The Claim-
ant's butcher-shop, now standing in
Wagga-Wagga, New South Wales, for
sale. The house is made of logs, has a
brick chimney and a bark roof. On the
door still remain pencilled accounts of
sales of meat written by the Claimant
himself. The whole structure can be
easily taken down, the door, chimney
and sheets of bark (roof) packed in
cases, and by the aids of plaus and pho-
tographs re-erected anywhere. This
remarkable specimen of an Australian
bush-house, rendered particularly inter-
esting through the most remarkable
trial of modern times, will be sent some
400 miles by bullock wagons, and put
on board a ship bound direct to London
for the sum of £2,400. Affidavits will
accompany it to prove its authenticity.
The time occupied by transit will occupy
nearly five months."

A Whale Breaking an Electric Cable and Getting Killed.

On the evening of July 4 the Indian
cable between Kurrachee and Gwadar,
a distance of three hundred miles, sud-
denly failed. The telegraph steamer
Amber Witch, Capt. Bishop, with the
electrical staff, under Mr. Mance, started
on the following day to repair the
damage, which, by tests, appeared to be
one hundred and eighteen miles from
Kurrachee. The Amber Witch arrived
on the ground on the 6th, in a heavy
sea and thick fog, but the cable was
successfully grappled within a quarter
of a mile of the fault.

M. H. Izaak Walton gives this ac-
count of what was found: "On wind-
ing in the cable unusual resistance was
experienced, as if it were foul of rocks;
but after persevering for some time the
body of an immense whale, entangled in
the cable, was brought to the surface,
when it was found to be firmly secured
by two and a half turns of the cable im-
mediately above the tail. Sharks and
other fish had partially eaten the body,
which was rapidly decomposing, the
jaws falling away on reaching the sur-
face. The tail, which measured twelve
feet across, was perfect, and covered
with barnacles at the extremities. Ap-
parently the whale was, at time of en-
tanglement, using the cable to free
itself from parasites, such as barnacles,
which annoy them very much, and the
cable, hanging in a loop over a subma-
rine precipice, he probably with a fillip
of his tail twisted around him, and thus
came to an untimely end."

Valuation of New York City.

New York appears to double its as-
sessed valuation every fifteen years.
At least that has been the rule, starting
from 1841. Going thirty years further
back, the increase was still more rapid.
In 1811 New York had fairly distanced
Philadelphia in the number of its popu-
lation, and started as the first city of
the Union, with a population of 96,000,
and an assessed valuation of \$25,000,000.
By 1841 the population had nearly quad-
rupled, while the assessed valuation had
increased tenfold, amounting then to
\$251,194,020. After an interval of fif-
teen years—in 1856—the population had
all but exactly doubled, and the assessed
valuation had doubled also—amounting
to \$511,740,492. The next fifteen years
added only 50 per cent. to the popula-
tion, but doubled the valuation of real
and personal property. In spite of sun-
dry obvious obstacles to a steadily main-
tained rate of increase, it is not too
much to anticipate that by 1886 the
gross assessment of property on Manhat-
tan Island will be over \$2,000,000,000.

Our fences are valued at one thousand
eight hundred millions of dollars, and
it costs ninety-eight millions of dollars
to keep them in repairs. Illinois has
two million dollars invested in fences,
sixty per cent. of which are boards,
post and rail, and forty per cent. wire
and hedges. These fences cost one hun-
dred and seventy-five thousand dollars
annually for repairs.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oh, for an hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a brief, bright boy
Than reign a gray-haired king.

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age;
Away with learning's rags and
Tear out life's wisdom written page,
And cast its trophies down.

One moment let my blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame;
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life, and love, and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said,
"If I but touch thy silver hair,
Thy hasty wish had sped."

But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay?
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?

Ah, truest soul of woman kind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind—
I'll take my precious wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow haze,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember all their gifts have fled
With these dissolving years!"

"Why, yes, I would one favor more—
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to lose them all;
I'll take my girls and boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!

And so I laughed, my laughter woke
The household with its noise,
I wrote my dream when morning broke
To please my fair-haired boys.

Humorous.

WHEN is a balloon not a balloon?
When it's a loft.

A FAVORITE dish with the ladies—
Tongue sandwiches.

WHAT State in the Union can never
be out of debt? Iowa.

WHY is a solar eclipse like a